

LAS VEGAS GAZETTE.

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CARDS

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Attorney at Law,
LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO.
Will practice in all the courts of Law and Equity in the Territory. Especial attention given to the collection of claims and remittances promptly made. 1-ly

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Thankful for the liberal patronage so generously bestowed since Mr. E. L. Kendrick, deceased, commenced business here. I will try to render myself worthy of the confidence and patronage of this community in keeping the choicest Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork, Preserved meats &c. always on hand and cheaper than elsewhere. 9-1f

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MAIL CLOSING DAILY.

Eastern at 9 p. m.
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Letters for registration will not be received after 4 p. m.

G. W. STUBBINS,
Postmaster.

CHAPMAN LODGE No. 95, A. F. & A. M. meets on the 3d Saturday of each month, at the Masonic Hall, Central St., between West 2d and 3d Streets.

CHARLES ILFELD, Secretary.

THE SOUTHERN MAILS.

About a month ago the epizootic, or hip-otnotic, or dysphrastina, or whatever else the general reader is pleased to call it (we have not yet consulted the learned editor of the Georgetown Miner to learn its scientific term), after "bobbing" about the seaport towns and ravishing the New England states, and carrying desolation over the brown prairies of Illinois and Iowa, springing over the great plains at a jump, and saluting Pike's Peak, made its appearance in this city. The advent of the new and strange disease was hailed with consternation. Horses in various stages of illness were affected with various stages of illness, and the air was burdened with the sad refrain of barking, and wheezing and coughing, while sturdy mule-drivers and expressmen, brought out the choicest oaths in their vocabulary, and hurled them all in a lump at the epizootic. It was said; it was discouraging. While no horses were desperately sick, yet everybody was afraid they would be, so omnibus drivers hauled off, and the livery stable keepers close their doors, and the fine carriages were housed, and the patient mule, likewise the long-horned Texan steer, were pressed into the services. It was a season of general terror and tribulation for every man possessed of a horse.

Among the first to take the alarm were the officers, directors and general managers of the Southern Overland Mail and Express Company. This powerful corporation is generally known by the cabalistic letters "S. O. M. & E.," but for reasons best known to ourselves, we prefer, upon this momentous occasion, to write the name in full. This company has the contract of transporting, all mails express matter, and passengers from this point to Santa Fe, a distance of about four hundred miles, and having enjoyed the monopoly for a term of years, having been privileged to charge whatever rates they pleased, they have grown rich and powerful, and pot belied with dignity. The rolling stock employed by this company is of the best. The horses attached to this rolling stock are thoroughbreds, with silken, glossy coats, and proud arched necks, with speed that would outstrip the antelope. The drivers employed to guide these horses, are the oldest veterans in the stage line service, who wear their hats in jockey style, carry their whips as proudly aloft as the sceptre of a king, and only speak to ordinary mortals in a subdued and awful tone of voice. The agents employed by this company at the various stations, wear mammoth gold watches and imposing gold chains, with prodigious shirt fronts, in the centre of which, usually sparkles a resplendent diamond pin. Like the drivers, they rarely condescend to speak to common mortals, and the miserable passenger who wishes to get looked for a comfortable seat, should crawl through the door and up to the desk on his own knees. It is about the only way to make the thing sure.

Well the epizootic came, or it was rumored that it had come, and there was considerable excitement and random talk and speculation on the part of horse owners, indulged in. All of the horses belonging to the stage company in this city were in the usual health, and bolted their accustomed rations with commendable promptness, but a mine was about to spring. Early one fine bright morning, the mournful intelligence was flashed all along the line between Pueblo and Santa Fe, and repeated in all the branch offices, that a young and promising mule at Trinidad owned by the stage company, had manifested unmistakable symptoms, of the epizootic. The mule had been heard to cough twice or thrice. His legs were cold. His tail dropped. His hair stood the wrong way. His eyes no longer sparkled with the light of much intelligence. He refused to bolt his peck of oats. All the symptoms were telegraphed to the superintendent of the stage company, with harrowing exactness, and this official, with an eye only to the safety of the mule, unmindful the traveling public, of the mails, and express matter at once issued peremptory orders, withdrawing all mail service between Pueblo and Santa Fe. The die was cast, and the people of two territories found themselves cut off from all letters and papers, and all travel suspended, merely because of the sickness of a mule.

The public complained, but the stage company were inexorable, and refused to budge an inch. Merchants at the north looked in vain for remittances from the south. Travelers for Santa Fe were either compelled to turn back or seek private conveyance, while the horses of the stage company whined and kicked with delight in the barn. Express matter and valuable packages accumulated at the office of the company, but instead of sending forward these, the problem was, "how shall we cure that mule?" And the mule, alas, continued to grow worse.

Finally the papers in all sections of the territory took the matter up. They represented in plain but polite terms to the stage company, that their action was calculated to work a great inconvenience and hardship to the general public, that business of all kinds was crippled and embarrassed, and that an effort should at least be made to rig a buck-board and put through the letter mail. To these suggestions and expostulations the stage company turned a deaf ear, and refused to move, for what were the rights of the public, compared with the tremendous issues involved in the sickness of a mule.

At last the news of the suspension reached the postmaster general at Washington. He consulted his assistant, and the latter laid the case at once before his special agent, Mr. James McDowell, and instructed him to come here and rectify matters. The gallant agent packed his valise and left Washington on the 18th inst., in the midst of a driving snow storm. He reached Kit Carson on the 22nd, and almost the first object he beheld at the station, was a pile containing fifteen sacks of mail matter, destined for Cimarron and other points in New Mexico. Mr. McDowell summoned the division agent of the stage company, Mr. Frost, and asked him why that mail was not sent through. Mr. Frost pleaded epizootic, but the agent cut him short with the remark that in less than two hours the whole of the vast mail was on its way to the south, and no fears are entertained of another blackhead at Kit Carson.

Meanwhile, Mr. McDowell struck out for Denver, and then for Pueblo, arriving in this city Sunday evening last. As was to be expected, he found no mail at this point, or heard for none at the stations below, although he employed the telegraph to good purpose. It is evident that the stage company had been notified by Frost, that McDowell was coming, and that they must hurry, as he meant business. The poor horses that had been languishing in the stables for weeks past with fatness, were brought out and on Friday morning, the regular mail was hustled to the south. The stage company, we understand now make regular trips, and the blockade is ended. But the epizootic is as bad as ever, and we know nothing of the fate of the mule. The mails however, are all right.

As we remarked before, Agent McDowell is a man of business. He informs us that the stage company never received permission from the department to withdraw service, and that the entire stoppage and the consequent injury to the commercial interests of the country was taken solely on their own responsibility. Had the company upon his arrival refused to carry the Santa Fe mails, he would have sworn in a special carrier one day, another the next, and so on, until another contractor could have been found. As it is, the stage company will not receive any pay for the time they have remained idle, and the probability is, that they will be called upon to pay a neat little amount in the way of damages.

Having accomplished his mission, and frightened the stage company into the performance of their duties, Mr. McDowell left on Monday last, for Salt Lake as it is rumored that the epizootic has appeared there. It is altogether likely that his presence will not be required down this way for some time to come, as the S. O. M. & E. company here, found him to be a man "who means business."—Pueblo Chieftain.

A FOILED GUARDIAN OF THE LAW.—The Bridgeport (Ct.), Standard tells a good story of a police-man in a neighboring city who was set to catch boys who violated the city ordinance against sled-coasting in the streets. As he watched, two lads prepared their sleds for "a go." One of them got off, when the peeler pushed after him. "Here!" said his comrade, "take my sled; it will go faster than his'n, and you will catch him!" In an instant the ambitious peeler threw himself on the sled, and soon came up with and arrested the offender. The justice heard the testimony, and was about to inflict a fine, when the other lad professed a willingness to testify against the officer for a similar infraction of the law—and so they both got off with a solemn injunction to "sin no more."

YOUNG LADIES WHO HAVE BROTHERS.—The moral of the following, told by a sufferer, is too apparent to mention. Young ladies will hereafter run their brothers out when gentlemen call. It's certain that I wish somebody would spank the young rascals.

We talked of mountains, hills, vales and cataracts—I believe I said waterfalls—when the boy spoke up and said:

"Why, sister's got a whole trunk full of them up stairs; papa says they are made of horse hair."

This revelation struck terror to me and blushes to the face of my fair companion. I began to be very apparent to me that I must be very guarded in what I said, lest the boy might slip in his remarks at uncalled for places; in fact, I turned my conversation to him, and told him he ought to go home with me and see my nice chickens I have in the country. Unluckily I mentioned a yoke of calves, which ruined all. The little one looked up and said:

"Sister's got a dozen pair of them, but she don't wear them only when she goes up town on windy days."

"Leave the room, you unmannerly little wretch!" exclaimed Emily. "Leave immediately!"

"I know what you want me to leave the room for!" exclaimed he. "You can't fool me, you want to sit on that man's lap and kiss him; like you did Bill Simmings the other day; you can't fool me, I just tell you. Give me some candy like he did, and I'll go. You think cause you've got the Grecian bend that you're smart? Guess I know a thing or two. I'm mad at you, anyhow, because papa would have bought me a top yesterday, if it hadn't been for getting them curls, dog on yer. You needn't turn so red in the face 'cause I can see the point. There ain't no use a winking with that glass eye of yours, for I ain't agoing out there, no that's what's the matter with the purps. I don't care if you are twenty-eight years old you ain't no boss of mine."

The following advertisement is re-printed by request, not so much on account of its applicability to the existing state of things, as to exemplify the peculiar genius of the author; for excepting to the orthographical corrections it is Lord Dexter's own.

Whereas I, Lord Timothy Dexter, have been truly informed, that several audacious, atrocious, notorious, pestiferous, infamous, intrepid, night-walking, garden-robbing, immature, speech-stealing, rascals, all the spawn of ***** and rogues, and rogues, and cubs of Satan, do frequently, villainously and burglariously assemble themselves together in my garden, therein piping fighting, swearing, sabbath breaking, ***** roguing, duck-egg-hunting, with many other shameful and illicit acts, which the modesty of my pen cannot express—This is to give you all notice, Dolabrains, Delicarians, Capinarians, Tullamarians, base-borne scoundrels, all rascals, of whatsoever nation ye be—return me my fruit and property, or by the gods, the heathen gods, I swear I will send my son Samuel to Babylon, for blood-hounds, fiercer than tigers, and fleetier than the wind; and with them, mounted on my noted horse Lilly, with my cutting sabre in my hand, I will hunt you through Europe, Asia, Africa and America, till I can enter you in a cavern under a great tree. Newfoundland where Beelzebub himself can never find you. Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! Reptiles, Vagabonds, lank-jawed, heargigged and tun belied Plebeians, that if ye, or any of ye dare to set your feet in my house or garden, I will send you to Charon, who will ferry you over the river Styx, and deliver you to the arch devil Lucifer at the place of his infernal cauldron, there to be dredged with the sulphur of Caucasus, and roasted forever before the ever-burning cinders of Aina.—Newburyport Herald, Oct 4, 1825.

A STUNNER FOR BUTLER.—The Herald's Washington correspondent tells this: As Gen Butler, the valiant bombardier of past beligerent scenes, was passing through a corridor of the House of Representatives the afternoon, he was accosted by Mrs. Bowen, of South Carolina, a Pettigrew by birth, who has stood by her husband in his various troubles:

"General," said she, "can I say a word to you?"

"Madam," responded the bombardier, in a loud gruff tone, "I have always made it a rule never to speak to a woman in the Capitol."

"And I," retorted Mrs. Bowen, in a shrill, clear voice, "have always made it a rule never to speak to a man I knew was not a gentleman. I regret that I have departed from it in the present case."

Exit the bombardier, very red in the face.

Two persons traveling on the road to Gotham in a light wagon, were smoking cigars, from the fire of which some straw at the bottom ignited. The flames soon drove them from their seats, and while busy extinguishing the fire, a countryman, who had been for some time following them on horseback, alighted to assist them. "I have been watching the smoke for some time," said he. "Why, then, did you not give us notice?" asked the travelers. "Well," responded the rustic, "there are so many new-fangled notions nowadays, I thought you were going by steam."

The farmers in and around Aarhus, Canton Aargau, have recently suffered much from the injury done to crops by mice, which are said to have been more numerous this year than was ever known before. One mouse-catcher of Botzenwyl, near Aarhus, alone caught in three months 11,881 heads, for which, at 15 centimes apiece, he received 1,777 francs 15 centimes.

Men and clocks are alike—both "run down" when going on "tick."

A RICH INCIDENT.—A friend furnishes us with an account of an amusing incident stated to have occurred a few Sundays since at a colored church in Delaware; and we commend it to the careful attention of a few of the bombastic spirits who secured "local option" by their sacrifices, and who are patiently and anxiously looking for it to be decided as an arbitrary and unconstitutional act. A short distance from the church is a little grocery store, kept by Paul Crane, who makes a specialty of selling "fine liquors," particularly Holland gin. Shortly before the time for the services to begin the minister despatched a little colored boy to Paul Crane's store for a bottle of gin, with directions to hurry, and return before the service should commence. The boy delayed. The person devoutly entered his pulpit, took his text, and began to mark out the way to a better country, by discussing some point, to prove or disprove which he proposed to quote St. Paul, and began with the interrogation, addressed to the congregation, and which he intended of course to answer himself: "What did Paul say?" The boy who had gone to Paul Crane's for the gin, having returned and slipped into the church through the question was addressed to him, and sung out: "He says you can't have no mo' gin till you pays up the old scores." This was an answer the parson hadn't anticipated, and it somewhat disconcerted the thread of his discourse. He recovered himself only to repeat the unfortunate interrogation: "What did Paul say?" and the boy supposing he had not been understood, sung out at the top of his voice: "I told ye, he said ye shan't have no mo' gin till ye pays him what ye owes, dat's what he said." "I'll tank one ob de deacons to place dat obstinacious boy outside de walls ob dis church." The deacon piously performed the service, the sermon was continued by asking the same conundrum, which, the boy not being there to answer, caused no further commotion, and the discourse was concluded in peace.

THE "FAT SHEEP."—Some twenty-five years ago, when I was a pastor of a church in—I took occasion one evening to visit a social meeting, in the church occasions. One after another gave in his or her experience. After a time a man in humble circumstances, small in stature, and effeminate, squeaking voice, rose to give a piece of his experience, which was done in the following manner:

"Brethren, I have been a member of this church many years. I have seen hard times. My family have been much afflicted, but I have, for the first time in my life, to see my pastor or the trustees of this church cross the threshold of my door."

No sooner had he uttered this part of his experience than he was interrupted by one of the trustees, an aged man, who rose up and said in a firm, loud voice:

"My dear brother you must put the devil behind you."

On taking his seat, the pastor in charge arose and replied to the little man as follows:

"My dear brother you must remember that we shepherds are sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

Whereupon the little man arose again, and, in answer, said in a very loud tone of voice:

"Yes, and if I'd been a fat one, you'd have found me long ago."

The effect upon the audience can better be imagined than described.

AN INDIAN'S RATION.—Every Indian upon every reservation in Arizona receives daily, 1 lb. of flour, 1 lb. of corn, 3 lbs. of beef, on hoof, and, in addition, 2 lbs. of coffee to every 100 rations of flour and beef, 4 lbs. of sugar, 1 of salt, and 1 of soap—fully twice as much as Government gives to its hard-worked soldiers—yet, none but lazy young bucks, stale women and men, and the children have so far shown a disposition to board at any of the "Great Father's" hotels, preferring to steal their living from the white members of their Great Daddy's family. Yet, we hear of Eastern snobs who pity the "poor, mistreated Apaches!" Ah! if Government would but feed the poor of our great cities in this way, how happy and content they would be.—Arizona Miner.

An old gentleman in Alamance County, N. C., knows something about the blessings of a home and family. He has had four wives, eight daughters and one son, seventy-three grandchildren, four hundred great-grandchildren, fifty great-great-grandchildren, nine great-great-great-grandchildren. He thinks of marrying again.

A Clinton, New York, student found himself largely in debt at the end of the term, so he packed his clothes in a barrel and sent them as far as Utica by a canal boat. He then filled his trunk with hay, and his creditors levied an execution upon it at the depot. The student looked on with grim satisfaction.

A New Hampshire paper says that "death has again turned a flip flap and come down flat-footed in our midst, and snatched from among us one of the best advertisers and subscribers we ever had."

A worthy old farmer, who was being worried in his cross-examination by a lawyer in Maine, exclaimed: "Look here, squire, don't you ask a gook many foolish questions?"

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder: send me a ham and a bag of potatoes and I'll call it square," is the way a Missouri preacher did the job.

There is a bill before the Maine Legislature which, if passed, is likely to deprive the little joke obstructing railroad tracks of all its fun for the perpetrator. It makes it murder in the first degree if life is destroyed, and makes the penalty imprisonment for life when only property is destroyed.

During 1872 Kansas built 511 miles of railroad.

A cow in Lancaster, Pa., lately tossed a lady over a fence because she wore a red dress.

An Omaha man tried to get stone-blind drunk on a jug of linseed oil, but had to give it up.

Nitro-Glycerine is said to be better than kerosene to kindle a fire, because you never know what ails you.

A two foot vein of coal has been found at the depth of only twenty-two feet in the western part of Leavenworth city.

A Dubuque servant girl cowhided her employer because he did not hand over her wages as promptly as she would wish.

A Virginia paper describes a fence which is made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the same side.

An exchange says: A popular amusement now-a-days in hugging stoves. Our devil thinks, that too thin. He would rather hug—a pretty girl.

An exchange gives the following recipe for getting up early: Eat a mince pie and drink a quart of sweet cider before retiring. It won't be necessary for your wife to call you.

A Louisville school trustee asked a class of urchins why we should celebrate Washington's birthday any more than his (the trustee's). "Because he never told a lie," shouted a promising lad.

A wonderful cow is reported out west. Recently a farmer's wife attempted to milk Brindle, and while in the act of milking, became dumb. All the married farmers near that place are after that cow.

That was a delicate compliment given by a ragged newsboy to the pretty girl who bought a paper of him. "Poor little fellow," said she, "ain't you very cold?" "I was ma'am, before you passed," he replied.

A young lady writes to an exchange giving a receipt for having fun. She says, invite half a dozen boys and girls to your house when your pa and ma are away; put a half dollar silver piece in a dish with molasses an inch deep in it, and offer it to the boy who gets it with his mouth. The more the boys who try to get it, the more fun will there be. That girl deserves a diploma.

Sunday School man writes to a Bible firm in New York: "Send me on some Sunday School papers and books. Let the books be about pirates and Indians as far as possible."

A good collector must be patient as a post, cheerful as a duck, sociable as a flea, bold as a lion, water-proof as a rubber, cunning as a fox, and watchful as a sparrow-hawk.

Young Willie (to whom dear grandpa has just offered half a dollar). "No, thank you, Grandad. You stick to it abit longer and lay it out at Interest, and I'll get all the more when you pop off, Old Man."

It is strange how closely some men read the papers: We never say anything that anybody don't like but we soon hear of it, and everybody tells us about it. If, however we once in a while happen to say a good thing, we never hear of that; nobody seems to notice that. We may pay a man a hundred compliments and give him a dozen puffs, he takes it as a tribute to his greatness, and never thinks of it, never thinks it does him any good. But if we happen to say something this same man don't like, or something he imagines to be a reflection on him or his character, see how quick he flares up and gets angry about it. All our evils are daily charged to us but we never, apparently, get any credit for what good we do. What a horrible being is a knight of the quill!